

PICTORIAL POPULARITY.

From the Phila. Mail Gazette.

The passion for pictorial illustration of literary works seems to characterize two very different epochs in the mental education of a community. As children love to have the text of what they read accompanied with explanatory pictures, so do the reading public generally in those early stages of civilization which, in a community, answer to childhood in man. Letter-press, accompanied with rude wood-cuts, constituted the common method of introducing works of narrative, historical or fictitious, to circulation for the first century or so after the discovery of printing. And an age of advanced intellectual refinement seems now to be resorting to the lavish use of similar decorations once again. We want our literature spiced with the additional condiments of art, not because, like our ancestors, we are so imperfectly educated as to call in the eye to aid the perception of the intellect, but because our interest in common reading has grown dull, partly from over-indulgence, and partly from the over-supply and consequent badness of literary material. Pictures, however roughly executed, feed the mind agreeably on the whole as a relief from trashy and superficial writing. And thus illustrated travels, histories, newspapers, and the like, of cheap and flimsy material, doubtless, but still showing a considerable advance in art beyond those of a generation ago, are the order of the day, not excepting those latest and too often unattractive creations of public taste, the monthly wood-cuts which accompany the serial romances of our magazines.

But passing from the ephemeral to the more permanent, these modern fancies may lead one to inquire a little more closely into the connection between art and literature. Why do we find, in all countries and times, that the representations of scenes and incidents taken from some works of general interest are invariably popular, are repeated in thousands of copies, are met with continually in every common collection of prints and adorning the walls of ordinary rooms, while other works not equally celebrated, but, perhaps, as much read, and deserving it as well, hardly furnish a single specimen to the general repository of popular art? A question which, fully investigated, may lead us a little beyond its own immediate scope into meditation on the true meaning and limits of literary fame.

In order to achieve real pictorial popularity, and to become thoroughly familiar to the minds of the general public, not only through reading but through the eyes, we suspect that a poetical or romantic narrative must possess three distinct qualities, besides the leading one of genius. It must be of a kind to interest the cultivated classes only, but imitated in general. Its special qualification must be that of a work of incident, not of sentiment. And its conceptions must be thoroughly genuine and original.

Let us go back to antiquity for our first example. The artistic relics of the classical ages which we possess, notably those of sculpture and of the Pompeian paintings, represent chiefly mythical subjects. Of those, a very large proportion indeed is taken from the writings of Homer. His gods, his heroes, in their loves, fights, and adventures, meet us at every turn. Homer was evidently the great pictorial poet of antiquity. The Greek dramatists furnish some subjects to the wall decoration of classical houses also, but comparatively few. Virgil scarcely any. Possibly the "motive" of the Laocoon may be found in his verses; but possibly, also, in some unknown Greek original. There is, we believe, only one Pompeian fresco (Æneas wounded) which seems from internal evidence to represent a scene in the "Æneid." Yet Virgil was extremely popular in his way. His absence from the Pompeian heroes may no doubt be partly accounted for by the fact that Pompeii was a Greek city. But Pompeii had a Latin-reading population too: Roman names prevailed among its citizens, verses from Roman poets were scribbled on its walls. We suspect that the comparative proscription of Virgil was in accordance with the canons which we have laid down: he interested the cultivated classes, not the general public; and his conceptions of incident had no originality, and therefore did not take hold of the fancy as creations.

The world-wide notoriety of Shakespeare is, of course, displayed in the frequency of pictures and prints taken from his plays, as it is in so many other ways. But in regard to him, as to other dramatists, there is so much of the theatrical mingled with the purely imaginative in these representations, that they do not exactly fall within the scope of our present inquiry. Probably it is the case with all of us that when we try to imagine to ourselves a great Shakespearean character, he appears to us in the likeness of some actor whom we have seen either on the stage or in pictures. But of modern writers of fiction, not dramatists, Cervantes was the first to attain that pictorial popularity of which we are speaking. The Knight of the Rose and Countess and his philosophic squire have become in this way as familiar to us all as personages whom we have known in the flesh. Even to this day series of prints from "Don Quixote" will be found among the commonest adornments of old parlor and bedroom walls, although more modern subjects have, of course, extensively displaced them. And next, perhaps, to Don Quixote, if not before him, in point of universal demand of this sort, comes our old favorite Robinson Crusoe. The intense truthfulness of De Foe's creation, and its thorough originality, have met in this their appropriate reward. Pursuing our search lower down, we find that scarcely any of our popular poets or novelists of the last century have left any trace of themselves in framed prints which answer to the frescoes of antiquity. Their fame is not parietal, so to speak. Fielding and Smollett were enormously read; but few of us have ever seen a print representing a scene in either, except in illustrated editions or in portfolios. They were too artificial to attain to the honor of wall exhibition. Sterne was somewhat more fortunate, but not to any great extent. This peculiar honor was ever served for one of whom the learned and witty thought far less. Scenes from the "Vicar of Wakefield" are comparatively abundant; and the reason why is evident: that most charming production has what Fielding and Smollett have not—that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin;" its simplicity, pathos, and originality speak to us on canvas as they do on paper.

The literature of France, during the same period, affords an analogous example. Very few compositions in any language have ever found so many readers as Voltaire's Tales, and well do they deserve it, for their union of wit with exquisite style and good satire. But subjects for popular art are never taken from Voltaire's tales. Rousseau's command over the hearts and feelings of millions was still more powerful than that of Voltaire. But judged by the test which we have just now applying, he is not a bit more popular with the masses. In old-fashioned parlors or bedrooms in France, Switzerland, or elsewhere, you may sometimes meet with a

print representing a lady in the costume of "the period," with shepherdess hat and expansive paniers, rushing down a steep bank into some water. This is Julie jumping into the lake of Geneva to rescue the drowning child. No other example of Rousseau occurs to us as likely to be met with in a similar situation. But the honors of "Julie," which neither wit nor passionate sentiment could achieve for these two great men, were attained by a contemporary whom it would be profanation to name in the same day with them in point of literary merit. The simple idyllic creation of Bernardin de St. Pierre—his Paul and Virginia—is incomparably better known, as far as art can make it so, than any of the productions of their genius. The charming figures of that pair of youthful lovers, alone with each other in their tropical wilderness, have been reproduced until they have become as familiar to the eyes of most of us as portraits of acquaintance. One poem only of the present age can we name which has thoroughly entered within the dominion of popular art, and even more so abroad than at home, and that is Byron's "Mazeppa." And one romance may be said to rival it, Dumas' "Monte Christo." Many a time have we noticed, in remote Gaithersburg or primitive Locanda, that when the proprietor has been adventurous enough to adorn his best rooms with specimens of taste, he has supplemented his prints of Saints of the Church and reigning sovereigns with a series of "Mazeppa" and "Monte Christo." Many a time have we noticed, in remote Gaithersburg or primitive Locanda, that when the proprietor has been adventurous enough to adorn his best rooms with specimens of taste, he has supplemented his prints of Saints of the Church and reigning sovereigns with a series of "Mazeppa" and "Monte Christo."

Mazeppa and the wolves, Mazeppa crossing the river, Mazeppa and the wild horses, explained by letter-press in all the common European languages. It is in this instance a just homage to genius of the highest order. The fiery vigor of poetry such as that of "Mazeppa" is a good deal lost on readers nurtured on Tennyson and Browning, but it is over-mastering to less sophisticated minds. And it is most striking from the presence of that quality which we have insisted on as indispensable to similar success—absolute originality. A short paragraph of Voltaire's "Charles the Twelfth" contains the whole "motive" of Mazeppa. All that wonderful succession of scenes, brought before us like a moving panorama, and with the company of the hero in his deadly ride, arising without extrinsic hint or help in the poet's phantasy. And therefore it is that they lend themselves so readily to reproduction by the pencil. And the same is true, of course in a less exalted degree, of the events and personages of Dumas' wild romance which we have indicated as having recently risen to the highest rank in respect of this particular function—that of conveying ideas and emotions to those who derive them, primarily, from pictures and not from study.

Of course we are not instituting any order of literary merit by these remarks. Whether to be a favorite with the many or the few is the truer test of literary genius is a very comprehensive question, and by no means admitting of any general answer. But few can doubt that the tendency of critical judgment in the present day is over-fastidious. Not a single one among our living writers of high mark, except Dickens, is known or relished by the multitude. The fame of most of them has hardly travelled out of a very narrow circle indeed. The time seems to be approaching when literature, Antiquity-like, must renege itself by a vigorous embrace of our mother-earth, or perish of over-refinement.

The Robin.

I have been watching the robins from my veranda, and they have been watching me. What opinion they have formed of me I cannot tell. But I regard them with admiration increasing every year. Sweet as is the note of his cousin, the wood-thrush, I must pronounce the common robin not only his superior, but, on the whole, the finest of Northern singers. I cannot imagine how such praises, out of proportion and extravagant, have been heaped on the wood-thrush. The quality of its note is fine; but it lacks vigor, continuity, and variety. It is refined, sad, and even sorrowful. I should say that the wood-thrush had met a great sorrow in early life, and had never got over it. But the common robin is the very emblem of joyous and robust bird manhood. It seeks no seclusion. It sings out of no leafy cell. At morning and at night, from some open tree, it pours out a continuous song, full of tenderness, yet sprightly, ringing, and jubilant. The range of note is very considerable. It is not a soft, breathing song, like the sparrow's (whose quality is second to no other bird's). The robin gushes. He never tires. He sings by the half hour, and fills all the region around with melody; and when two or three in emulous strife are singing near together, the whole air seems full and overflowing. He shall have strawberries and cherries. The cedar-bird is a thief, in spite of his fine apparel and the jaunty tuft on his head. He eats none of my insects, sings me no song, pays me no visit, until peas and strawberries come; but then, ah, how familiar! He silently hovers in my pebbush, sits open the tender pods and swallows the contents. Away the painted glutton goes to my cherry trees, and gorges the sweetest and ripest of the fruit. Then to my strawberry bed goes he, and like a very prodigal he wastes more than he eats, returns no thanks, flies away, and no more is heard of him till next year. Not so, that gentleman, the robin. He comes early, builds close by you, sings you morning and night his best chorals, digs grubs in your garden, clears worms from your trees, and only asks a mouthful of that fruit in return which he has helped to preserve for you. Let my cat make his will before he concludes to touch my robins.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The world-wide notoriety of Shakespeare is, of course, displayed in the frequency of pictures and prints taken from his plays, as it is in so many other ways. But in regard to him, as to other dramatists, there is so much of the theatrical mingled with the purely imaginative in these representations, that they do not exactly fall within the scope of our present inquiry. Probably it is the case with all of us that when we try to imagine to ourselves a great Shakespearean character, he appears to us in the likeness of some actor whom we have seen either on the stage or in pictures. But of modern writers of fiction, not dramatists, Cervantes was the first to attain that pictorial popularity of which we are speaking. The Knight of the Rose and Countess and his philosophic squire have become in this way as familiar to us all as personages whom we have known in the flesh. Even to this day series of prints from "Don Quixote" will be found among the commonest adornments of old parlor and bedroom walls, although more modern subjects have, of course, extensively displaced them. And next, perhaps, to Don Quixote, if not before him, in point of universal demand of this sort, comes our old favorite Robinson Crusoe. The intense truthfulness of De Foe's creation, and its thorough originality, have met in this their appropriate reward. Pursuing our search lower down, we find that scarcely any of our popular poets or novelists of the last century have left any trace of themselves in framed prints which answer to the frescoes of antiquity. Their fame is not parietal, so to speak. Fielding and Smollett were enormously read; but few of us have ever seen a print representing a scene in either, except in illustrated editions or in portfolios. They were too artificial to attain to the honor of wall exhibition. Sterne was somewhat more fortunate, but not to any great extent. This peculiar honor was ever served for one of whom the learned and witty thought far less. Scenes from the "Vicar of Wakefield" are comparatively abundant; and the reason why is evident: that most charming production has what Fielding and Smollett have not—that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin;" its simplicity, pathos, and originality speak to us on canvas as they do on paper.

The literature of France, during the same period, affords an analogous example. Very few compositions in any language have ever found so many readers as Voltaire's Tales, and well do they deserve it, for their union of wit with exquisite style and good satire. But subjects for popular art are never taken from Voltaire's tales. Rousseau's command over the hearts and feelings of millions was still more powerful than that of Voltaire. But judged by the test which we have just now applying, he is not a bit more popular with the masses. In old-fashioned parlors or bedrooms in France, Switzerland, or elsewhere, you may sometimes meet with a

print representing a lady in the costume of "the period," with shepherdess hat and expansive paniers, rushing down a steep bank into some water. This is Julie jumping into the lake of Geneva to rescue the drowning child. No other example of Rousseau occurs to us as likely to be met with in a similar situation. But the honors of "Julie," which neither wit nor passionate sentiment could achieve for these two great men, were attained by a contemporary whom it would be profanation to name in the same day with them in point of literary merit. The simple idyllic creation of Bernardin de St. Pierre—his Paul and Virginia—is incomparably better known, as far as art can make it so, than any of the productions of their genius. The charming figures of that pair of youthful lovers, alone with each other in their tropical wilderness, have been reproduced until they have become as familiar to the eyes of most of us as portraits of acquaintance. One poem only of the present age can we name which has thoroughly entered within the dominion of popular art, and even more so abroad than at home, and that is Byron's "Mazeppa." And one romance may be said to rival it, Dumas' "Monte Christo." Many a time have we noticed, in remote Gaithersburg or primitive Locanda, that when the proprietor has been adventurous enough to adorn his best rooms with specimens of taste, he has supplemented his prints of Saints of the Church and reigning sovereigns with a series of "Mazeppa" and "Monte Christo." Many a time have we noticed, in remote Gaithersburg or primitive Locanda, that when the proprietor has been adventurous enough to adorn his best rooms with specimens of taste, he has supplemented his prints of Saints of the Church and reigning sovereigns with a series of "Mazeppa" and "Monte Christo."

Mazeppa and the wolves, Mazeppa crossing the river, Mazeppa and the wild horses, explained by letter-press in all the common European languages. It is in this instance a just homage to genius of the highest order. The fiery vigor of poetry such as that of "Mazeppa" is a good deal lost on readers nurtured on Tennyson and Browning, but it is over-mastering to less sophisticated minds. And it is most striking from the presence of that quality which we have insisted on as indispensable to similar success—absolute originality. A short paragraph of Voltaire's "Charles the Twelfth" contains the whole "motive" of Mazeppa. All that wonderful succession of scenes, brought before us like a moving panorama, and with the company of the hero in his deadly ride, arising without extrinsic hint or help in the poet's phantasy. And therefore it is that they lend themselves so readily to reproduction by the pencil. And the same is true, of course in a less exalted degree, of the events and personages of Dumas' wild romance which we have indicated as having recently risen to the highest rank in respect of this particular function—that of conveying ideas and emotions to those who derive them, primarily, from pictures and not from study.

Of course we are not instituting any order of literary merit by these remarks. Whether to be a favorite with the many or the few is the truer test of literary genius is a very comprehensive question, and by no means admitting of any general answer. But few can doubt that the tendency of critical judgment in the present day is over-fastidious. Not a single one among our living writers of high mark, except Dickens, is known or relished by the multitude. The fame of most of them has hardly travelled out of a very narrow circle indeed. The time seems to be approaching when literature, Antiquity-like, must renege itself by a vigorous embrace of our mother-earth, or perish of over-refinement.

The world-wide notoriety of Shakespeare is, of course, displayed in the frequency of pictures and prints taken from his plays, as it is in so many other ways. But in regard to him, as to other dramatists, there is so much of the theatrical mingled with the purely imaginative in these representations, that they do not exactly fall within the scope of our present inquiry. Probably it is the case with all of us that when we try to imagine to ourselves a great Shakespearean character, he appears to us in the likeness of some actor whom we have seen either on the stage or in pictures. But of modern writers of fiction, not dramatists, Cervantes was the first to attain that pictorial popularity of which we are speaking. The Knight of the Rose and Countess and his philosophic squire have become in this way as familiar to us all as personages whom we have known in the flesh. Even to this day series of prints from "Don Quixote" will be found among the commonest adornments of old parlor and bedroom walls, although more modern subjects have, of course, extensively displaced them. And next, perhaps, to Don Quixote, if not before him, in point of universal demand of this sort, comes our old favorite Robinson Crusoe. The intense truthfulness of De Foe's creation, and its thorough originality, have met in this their appropriate reward. Pursuing our search lower down, we find that scarcely any of our popular poets or novelists of the last century have left any trace of themselves in framed prints which answer to the frescoes of antiquity. Their fame is not parietal, so to speak. Fielding and Smollett were enormously read; but few of us have ever seen a print representing a scene in either, except in illustrated editions or in portfolios. They were too artificial to attain to the honor of wall exhibition. Sterne was somewhat more fortunate, but not to any great extent. This peculiar honor was ever served for one of whom the learned and witty thought far less. Scenes from the "Vicar of Wakefield" are comparatively abundant; and the reason why is evident: that most charming production has what Fielding and Smollett have not—that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin;" its simplicity, pathos, and originality speak to us on canvas as they do on paper.

The literature of France, during the same period, affords an analogous example. Very few compositions in any language have ever found so many readers as Voltaire's Tales, and well do they deserve it, for their union of wit with exquisite style and good satire. But subjects for popular art are never taken from Voltaire's tales. Rousseau's command over the hearts and feelings of millions was still more powerful than that of Voltaire. But judged by the test which we have just now applying, he is not a bit more popular with the masses. In old-fashioned parlors or bedrooms in France, Switzerland, or elsewhere, you may sometimes meet with a

print representing a lady in the costume of "the period," with shepherdess hat and expansive paniers, rushing down a steep bank into some water. This is Julie jumping into the lake of Geneva to rescue the drowning child. No other example of Rousseau occurs to us as likely to be met with in a similar situation. But the honors of "Julie," which neither wit nor passionate sentiment could achieve for these two great men, were attained by a contemporary whom it would be profanation to name in the same day with them in point of literary merit. The simple idyllic creation of Bernardin de St. Pierre—his Paul and Virginia—is incomparably better known, as far as art can make it so, than any of the productions of their genius. The charming figures of that pair of youthful lovers, alone with each other in their tropical wilderness, have been reproduced until they have become as familiar to the eyes of most of us as portraits of acquaintance. One poem only of the present age can we name which has thoroughly entered within the dominion of popular art, and even more so abroad than at home, and that is Byron's "Mazeppa." And one romance may be said to rival it, Dumas' "Monte Christo." Many a time have we noticed, in remote Gaithersburg or primitive Locanda, that when the proprietor has been adventurous enough to adorn his best rooms with specimens of taste, he has supplemented his prints of Saints of the Church and reigning sovereigns with a series of "Mazeppa" and "Monte Christo." Many a time have we noticed, in remote Gaithersburg or primitive Locanda, that when the proprietor has been adventurous enough to adorn his best rooms with specimens of taste, he has supplemented his prints of Saints of the Church and reigning sovereigns with a series of "Mazeppa" and "Monte Christo."

Mazeppa and the wolves, Mazeppa crossing the river, Mazeppa and the wild horses, explained by letter-press in all the common European languages. It is in this instance a just homage to genius of the highest order. The fiery vigor of poetry such as that of "Mazeppa" is a good deal lost on readers nurtured on Tennyson and Browning, but it is over-mastering to less sophisticated minds. And it is most striking from the presence of that quality which we have insisted on as indispensable to similar success—absolute originality. A short paragraph of Voltaire's "Charles the Twelfth" contains the whole "motive" of Mazeppa. All that wonderful succession of scenes, brought before us like a moving panorama, and with the company of the hero in his deadly ride, arising without extrinsic hint or help in the poet's phantasy. And therefore it is that they lend themselves so readily to reproduction by the pencil. And the same is true, of course in a less exalted degree, of the events and personages of Dumas' wild romance which we have indicated as having recently risen to the highest rank in respect of this particular function—that of conveying ideas and emotions to those who derive them, primarily, from pictures and not from study.

Of course we are not instituting any order of literary merit by these remarks. Whether to be a favorite with the many or the few is the truer test of literary genius is a very comprehensive question, and by no means admitting of any general answer. But few can doubt that the tendency of critical judgment in the present day is over-fastidious. Not a single one among our living writers of high mark, except Dickens, is known or relished by the multitude. The fame of most of them has hardly travelled out of a very narrow circle indeed. The time seems to be approaching when literature, Antiquity-like, must renege itself by a vigorous embrace of our mother-earth, or perish of over-refinement.

RAILROAD LINES.

READING RAILROAD—GREAT TRUNK LINE.
From Philadelphia to Reading, 10:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Trains leave Philadelphia for Reading, 10:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Trains leave Reading for Philadelphia, 11:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS, APRIL 12, 1869.
Leaving the Company's Depot at Thirteenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, at the following hours:
MORNING ACCOMMODATION.
At 7:30 A. M. for Reading and all intermediate stations and Allentown. Returning leaves Reading at 8:30 P. M. for Philadelphia at 9:30 P. M.

MORNING EXPRESS.
At 8:15 A. M. for Reading, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Piquette, Tammany, Sunbury, Williamsport, Elmira, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Albany, New York, York, Carlisle, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, etc.
The 7:30 A. M. train connects at Reading with East Pennsylvania Railroad trains for Allentown, Harrisburg, and the 8:15 A. M. train connects with the Lebanon Valley train for Harrisburg, etc.; at PORT OLYMPIA with Catasqua Railroad trains for Williamsport, and the 8:15 A. M. train connects with Harrisburg with Northern Central, Cumberland Valley, and Susquehanna Railroad trains for Northumberland, Williamsport, York, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, etc.

AFTERNOON EXPRESS.
Leaves Philadelphia at 3:30 P. M. for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, etc., connecting with Reading and Columbia Railroad trains for Columbia, etc.
POTTSVILLE ACCOMMODATION.
Leaves Pottsville at 2:30 P. M., stopping at intermediate stations; arrives in Philadelphia at 4:30 P. M. Returning leaves Philadelphia at 4:30 P. M., arriving in Pottsville at 6:30 P. M.

READING ACCOMMODATION.
Leaves Reading at 7:30 A. M., stopping at all way stations; arrives in Philadelphia at 10:15 A. M.
Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 5:15 P. M., arriving in Reading at 8:30 P. M.
Trains for Philadelphia leave Harrisburg at 9:10 A. M. and Pottsville at 8:45 A. M., arriving in Philadelphia at 1 P. M. Afternoon trains leave Harrisburg at 2:30 P. M. and Pottsville at 2:45 P. M., arriving in Philadelphia at 4:45 P. M.

HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION.
Leaves Harrisburg at 7:15 A. M. and 4:10 P. M. Connecting at Reading with Afternoon Accommodation at 8:30 P. M., arriving in Philadelphia at 9:15 P. M.
Market train, with a passenger car attached, leaves Philadelphia at 12:45 noon, for Pottsville and all way stations; leaves Pottsville at 7:30 A. M. for Philadelphia and all way stations.
At the above times, daily, Sundays excepted.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
Leaves Pottsville at 8 A. M., and Philadelphia at 8:15 A. M., for Reading at 8:45 A. M.; returning from Reading at 4:25 P. M.
CHESTER VALLEY RAILROAD.
Passengers for Downingtown and intermediate points take the 7:30 A. M., 12:45 and 4:30 P. M. trains from Philadelphia. Returning from Downingtown at 10:45 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

PERKINSON RAILROAD.
Passengers for Skippack take 7:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. trains for Philadelphia, returning from Skippack at 8:15 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. Stage lines for the various points in Perkiomen Valley connect with trains at Collegeville and Skippack.
NEW YORK AND PITTSBURGH AND THE WEST.
Leaves New York at 9 A. M. and 5 and 8 P. M., and Philadelphia at 10:30 A. M., 4:30 and 10:30 P. M., connecting at Harrisburg with Pennsylvania and Northern Central Railroad Express trains for Pittsburgh, Chicago, Williamsport, Elmira, Buffalo, etc.

Returning Express Train.
Leaves Harrisburg on arrival of Pennsylvania Express from Pittsburgh at 9:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Trains leave Reading at 6:44 and 7:31 A. M. and 12:30 P. M., and arriving at New York at 11 A. M. and 12:30 and 4:00 P. M. Sleeping cars accompany these trains through between Jersey City and Pittsburgh without change.

A Mail Train for New York.
Leaves Harrisburg at 9:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. Mail train for Harrisburg leaves New York at 12 M.
SCHUYLKILL VALLEY RAILROAD.
Trains leave Pottsville at 6:45 and 1:30 A. M., and 6:40 P. M., returning from Tammany at 8:30 A. M. and 2:15 and 4:35 P. M.
SCHUYLKILL AND SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.
Trains leave Auburn at 7:55 A. M. for Pinegrove and Harrisburg, and at 12:15 noon for Pinegrove and Harrisburg, returning from Harrisburg at 3:30 P. M. and from Trenton at 7:40 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.

TICKETS.
Through first-class tickets and emigrant tickets to all the principal points in the North and West and Canada.
The principal points from Philadelphia to Reading and intermediate stations, good for one day only, are sold by Morning Accommodation Market Train, Reading and Pottsville Accommodation Trains, at reduced rates.

Excursion Tickets.
Excursion tickets to Philadelphia, good for one day only, are sold at Reading and intermediate stations by Reading and Pottsville Accommodation Trains, at reduced rates.
The following tickets are obtainable only at the office of S. Bradford, Treasurer, No. 227 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, at G. A. Nichols, General Superintendent, Reading.

COMMUTATION TICKETS.
At 25 cents per mile, between any points desired, for families and firms.
MILEAGE TICKETS.
Good for 200 miles, between all points, at \$25.00 each, for families and firms.
SEASON TICKETS.
For three, six, nine, or twelve months, for holders only, at all principal rates.

OLIVERIAEN.
Residing on the line of the road will be furnished with cards entitling themselves and wives to tickets at half fare.
EXCURSION TICKETS.
From Philadelphia to principal stations, good for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday at reduced fares, to be had only at the Ticket Office, at Thirteenth and Callowhill streets.

Goods of all descriptions forwarded to all the above points from the Company's new freight depot, Broad and Willow streets.
Close at the Philadelphia Post Office for all places on the road and its branches at 5 A. M., and for the principal stations at 7:30 A. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Philadelphia daily at 4:30 A. M., 12:45 noon, 3 and 6 P. M., for Reading, Lebanon, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Port Clinton, and all points beyond.
BAGGAGE.
Duncan's Express will collect baggage for all trains leaving Philadelphia Depot. Orders can be left at No. 225 S. Fourth street, or at the Depot, Thirteenth and Callowhill streets.

NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
From Philadelphia to Bethlehem, Doylestown, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Williamsport, Wilkes-Barre, Mahanoy City, Mount Carmel, Pittston, Tunkhannock, and Scranton.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.
Passenger Trains leave the Depot, corner of Fifth and Market streets, daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:
At 7:45 A. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, and Tunkhannock.
At 9:45 A. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, and New Jersey Central and Morris and Essex Railroads.

At 1:45 P. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Scranton, and Hazleton.
At 6:00 P. M. for Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk.
For Doylestown at 8:45 A. M., 4:45 and 7:05 P. M. For Port Washington at 8:45 and 10:45 A. M., and 12:30 P. M.
For Allentown at 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, and 8 P. M. For Lansdale at 6:20 P. M.
Fifth and Sixth Streets, Second and Third Streets, and Union City Passenger Railways run to the new Depot.

TRAINS ARRIVE IN PHILADELPHIA.
From Bethlehem at 9:30 A. M., 3:10, 4:45, and 5:25 P. M.
From Doylestown at 8:25 A. M., 4:45 and 7:05 P. M.
From Port Washington at 9:20, 10:35 A. M., and 3:10 P. M.
From Allentown at 2:25, 4:35, 6:45, and 9:35 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.
Philadelphia for Bethlehem at 9:30 A. M. Bethlehem for Philadelphia at 4:30 P. M.
Doylestown for Philadelphia at 8:30 A. M. Philadelphia for Doylestown at 4:30 P. M.
Abington for Philadelphia at 8 P. M. Tickets sold and baggage checked through at the new Depot.
LONG BRANCH, N. J. BRIDGE.
Express closes at 10:00 P. M.
ELIAS CLARK, Agent.

RAILROAD LINES.

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD—TIME TABLE.
Commencing Monday, May 10, 1869. Trains will leave Depot corner Broad street and Washington avenue as follows:
Way Mail Trains 9:30 A. M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore, stopping at all regular stations. Connecting with Delaware Railroad at Wilmington for Onondaga and intermediate stations.
Express Train at 12 M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Perryville, and Havre-de-Grace. Connects at Wilmington with train for New Castle.

Express Train at 4:30 P. M. (Sundays excepted), for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Thurlow, Linwood, Claymont, Wilmington, Newport, Stanton, Newark, Elston, North East, Chesapeake, Perryville, Havre-de-Grace, Aberdeen, Perryman, Edgewood, Magnolia, Chase, and Stemma's Run.
Night Express at 11:30 P. M. (daily), for Baltimore and Washington, stopping at Chester, Thurlow, Linwood, Claymont, Wilmington, Newark, Elston, North East, Perryville, Havre-de-Grace, Perryman, Edgewood, Magnolia, Chase, and Stemma's Run.

Passengers for Fort Monroe and Norfolk will take the 12:00 M. train.
WILMINGTON TRAINS.
Stopping at all stations between Philadelphia and Wilmington.
Leave Philadelphia at 11:00 A. M., 3:30, 5:00, and 7:00 P. M. The 8:00 P. M. Train connects with Delaware Railroad for Harrington and intermediate stations.
Leave Wilmington at 9:30 A. M., 1:30, 4:15, and 7:00 P. M. The 8:00 A. M. Train will not stop between Chester and Philadelphia. The 7 P. M. Train from Wilmington runs daily. Other accommodation Trains Sundays excepted.

SUNDAY TRAIN FROM BALTIMORE.
Leaves Baltimore at 7:30 A. M., stopping at Magnolia, Perryman, Aberdeen, Havre-de-Grace, Perryville, Chesapeake, North East, Elston, Claymont, Linwood, and Chester.
PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE CENTRAL RAILROAD TRAINS.
Stopping at all stations on Chester Creek and Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad.
Leave Philadelphia for Port Deposit, Leavittsburg, and Baltimore at 7:30 A. M. (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M. and 4:35 P. M. Leave Philadelphia for Chadds Ford at 7:40 P. M. The 7:00 A. M. Train will stop at all stations between Philadelphia and Leavittsburg and Baltimore.
A Freight Train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Philadelphia daily (except Sundays) at 1:30 P. M. for Port Deposit, Leavittsburg, and Baltimore. Leave Port Deposit for Philadelphia (Sundays excepted) at 5:40 A. M., 9:25 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Chadds Ford for Philadelphia at 6:15 A. M. and 3:10 P. M.

Through tickets to all points West, South, and Southwest may be procured at Ticket Office, No. 227 Chestnut street, under Continental Hotel, "Union Ticket Office." Bertha's Baggage Car can be secured during the day. Persons purchasing tickets at this office can have baggage taken at their residence by the Union Transfer Company.
H. F. KENNEY, Superintendent.

1869—FOR NEW YORK—THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY AND PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON RAILROAD COMPANIES' LINES FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK, AND VICE VERSA.
FROM CAMDEN STREET DEPOT.
At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Amboy Accommodation, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.

At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.
At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.

At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.
At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.

At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.
At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.

At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 1:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 3:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 5:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 7:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 P. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express.
At 6:00 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 9:30 A. M., via Camden and Jersey City Express, 11:30 A. M., via Camden and